The Sky Lark.

GO, tuneful bird, that glads the ſkies,
To Daphne's window ſpeed thy way,
And there on quiv'ring pinions riſe,
And there thy vocal art diſplay.

And if ſhe deign thy notes to hear,
And if ſhe praiſe thy matin ſong;
Tell her, the ſounds that ſooth her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may ſhine;
But aſk the lovely, partial maid,
What are his notes, compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witleſs beau,
And all his flaunting race, with ſcorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who ſings her praiſe, and ſings forlorn.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.